

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

LUMBER CUT HEAVY.

New Mill at Tillamook Turns Out 50,000 Feet Per Day.

Tillamook—The Tillamook Lumber Manufacturing company's new sawmill in this city is turning out 50,000 feet of lumber daily most of which is being used for building purposes in and around Tillamook City. The company was organized by George B. Lamb, Carl Haberlach, H. T. Bots and Fred C. Baker, and the sawmill has an ideal location, being at the head of navigation and right in the heart of Tillamook county and city. It took over \$40,000 for its site, buildings and machinery. The mill has two large high-pressure boilers, two engines, large circular sawmills and a pony mill, with planers, box machinery and dry kiln and employs about 30 men. It is entirely local capital at the back of the new enterprise.

Several shipments of spruce have been sent to Portland on the steamer Argo, which docks at the company's warehouse in Hoquarton slough. This is as far as steamers can go inland in Tillamook county, which is at the bridge on the road going north. The company has obtained the rights to boom logs on the east side of the bridge in Hoquarton slough, where several million feet of logs can be stored. A cut was made from the slough to the end of the log slip, the government dredge being used for that purpose. The Pacific Railway & Navigation company will run a spur from the depot along the waterfront of Tillamook City, the track running on the north side of the sawmill and through the company's lumber yard. This will give the Tillamook Lumber company railroad and shipping facilities on its own property. The new sawmill has given the city a steady monthly payroll of about \$2000, and as soon as the local demand for lumber diminishes it will be in the market for export lumber.

Will Visit Hood River.

Hood River—Several hundred of the most prominent residents of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations of the United States, accompanied by their wives, will visit Hood River valley, August 21. The party will leave Portland by special train and will be met at Hood River with automobiles and carriages and be given a drive over the valley to witness the splendor of Hood River's orchards. It is planned to serve the guests with a genuine Hood River luncheon, in which the famous Gravensteins will form a prominent part on the menu. The distinguished visitors will be guests of the Commercial club while in the Apple city.

Governor Names Delegates.

Salem—Delegates to the first National Conservation congress to be held at the auditorium of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, Seattle, August 26, 27 and 28 have been appointed by Governor Benson as follows: J. N. Teal, chairman Oregon Conservation commission, Portland; Edward H. McAllister, dean of the School of Engineering, University of Oregon, Eugene; George M. Cornwall, editor Pacific Timberman, Portland; W. K. Newell, member state board of horticulture, Gaston; and E. W. Wright, editorial writer, Portland.

Big Deal in Fruit Land.

Hood River—A large land deal has just been consummated here by the purchase by J. E. Robertson, Alex S. Reed and J. M. Culbertson, local capitalists, of 800 acres of unimproved fruit land from the Stanley-Smith Lumber company. The tract, which is considered one of the best in the valley, is situated six miles west of the city, and sold for \$57 an acre. It is the intention of the purchasers to cut it up in small tracts. A large spring, which has been mentioned as possible for a water supply for the city, is situated on the land.

Big Umatilla Land Sale.

Athens—As a further evidence of the producing qualities of Umatilla land, Joseph Key has just paid \$18,000 for 160 acres of wheat land, with ordinary improvements. The land was owned by Donald McKinnon and is about three miles from Athens. Mr. McKinnon, a pioneer rancher, and family will move to Alberta some time this fall to join his children, who moved there some time ago. John McKinnon, his son, sold a ranch of 160 acres last year to Joseph Shreed for \$105 per acre.

Eugene Gives More Money.

Eugene—The third day of the active canvase for funds for the railway from Eugene to the Pacific coast resulted in a total of \$3000. The work of the three days has amounted to \$12,000 and the committees are gratified with the progress that has been made. Those in charge do not doubt that the \$150,000 required will be raised. The plan to build to the coast and then connect with Coos bay by a coast line is receiving good support here.

Barber Shops Cleaner.

Salem—The state board of barber examiners has submitted its annual report to the governor. The report shows total receipts from January 1, 1909, to June 30, 1909, of \$1,100.25; cash on hand June 30, \$898.43. The report states that throughout the state the law is being better observed and all barber shops are being conducted under better sanitary conditions than ever before.

PREPARE FOR ROAD.

Newly Organized Farmers Line Secures Right of Way.

Pendleton—To negotiate with settlers on irrigated land near Hermiston, A. A. Cole, secretary of the newly organized farmers trolley line, is in the west end of Umatilla county working along the line of survey, making preliminary arrangements for right of way.

Settlers have indicated a willingness to assist the railroad by donating right of way and subscribing for capital stock if needed, but as the work has been only preliminary no deeds have been taken. Mr. Cole will determine on this trip something of the cost of land from Pendleton to Holdman, and especially of terminal ground at Umatilla. The line is surveyed across the Umatilla irrigation project, with a depot site not far from the big reservoir, and on into the rich farming country near Holdman.

The plans now are to use steam on the line until an immense power plant can be constructed on the Umatilla river. C. A. Hill, of Holdman, is president of the new company, and A. A. Cole, of Pendleton, is secretary.

IRRIGATION PROGRESSES.

Big Tract Being Placed Under Water in Rogue River Valley.

Grants Pass—Construction of the gravity canal and high line irrigation ditches which are to bring water from Rogue river to the arid lands in and around Grants Pass is progressing rapidly. The most difficult portion of the gravity canal, that near the power dam, was attacked with two powerful hydraulic giants. By this method the cemented ground and huge boulders were easily removed. The gravity canal is 12 feet wide at the bottom, 18 feet at the top and 5 feet deep.

Two high line ditches have been constructed, one on each side of the river. These will irrigate all of Grants Pass and much of the country adjacent to this city. The south bank ditch will reach and cover the orchards and farms of the Fruitdale district. Money for the undertaking was entirely supplied from Grants Pass.

Sand Island Is Gold Mine.

The Dalles—Two notices of location of mining claims have been filed with County Clerk Angle. The claims are located on an island near the mouth of the Deschutes river. Hugh Ritchie files on 20 acres in the name of the Red Wing Placer Mining claim, and Emma S. Ward files on 10 acres in the name of the Columbia placer claim. The island contains 60 acres during low water. Mr. Ritchie asserts that his claim assays 50 cents gold to the yard.

Elmira Will Aid Road.

Eugene—The citizens of Eugene who went to Elmira in the interest of the Eugene & Western railway were well received by the people of that locality, and several thousand dollars in money was promised the promoters of the road if it should go through or near Elmira. Labor and supplies were also promised by citizens who are anxious to secure the road.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96@97c; club, 91@92c; red Russian, 80@90c; valley, 91@94c; 40-fold, 92@93c.

Barley—Feed, \$26; brewing, \$27 per ton.

Oats—\$28@28.50 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$12@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17@18; mixed, \$15.50@16.50; alfalfa, \$13.50; clover, \$11@13; cheat, \$13@14.50.

Grain Bags—5¢ each.

Fruits—Apples, new, 1¢@2.25 per box; pears, \$1@1.75; peaches, 50¢@1 per crate; cantaloupes, \$2@2.50; plums, 35¢@1 per box; watermelons, 1½¢@1½¢ per pound; blackberries, \$1.50 per crate.

Potatoes—75¢@1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 4¢@4½¢ per pound.

Onions—\$1.25@1.50 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4¢@5¢ per pound; cabbage, 1¢@1½¢; cauliflower, 60¢@1.25 per dozen; celery, 75¢@85¢; cucumbers, 15¢@25¢; onions, 12¢@15¢; peas, 7¢ per pound; radishes, 15¢ per dozen; tomatoes, 75¢@1.50 per box.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 31½¢; fancy outside creamery, 27½¢@30½¢ per pound; store, 21¢@22¢. Butter fat prices average 1½¢ per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candied, 26½¢@27¢ per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 15¢; springs, 15¢; roosters, 9¢@10¢; ducks, young, 12½¢@13½¢; geese, young, 9¢@10¢; turkeys, 20¢; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11¢@11½¢ per pound. Veal—Extras, 9¢@10¢ per pound; ordinary, 7¢@8¢; heavy, 7¢.

Hops—1909 contracts, 21¢@22¢ per pound; 1908 crop, 16¢; 1907 crop, 12¢; 1906 crop, 8¢.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 15¢@23¢ per pound; valley, 23¢@25¢; mohair, choice, 24¢@25¢.

Cattle—Steers, top, \$4.50; fair to good, \$4@4.25; common, \$3.75@4; cows, top, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls and stags, \$2.75@3.75.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, ½¢ less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8.75; fair to good, \$8@8.50; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$6.75@7.

BRITAIN LOSES GRIP.

Will Accept American Domination to Save Empire.

Chautauqua, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The British empire in momentary danger of destruction at the hands of Germany, and ready, merely for the asking, to accept the dominance of the United States and see the empire's real seat of authority transferred to Washington, is, according to Colonel S. S. McClure, editor of McClure's Magazine, the situation which is now confronting the country's statesmen.

Colonel McClure called the parting of America from England in 1776 a disastrous mistake, and read a statement from Lord Roseberry in which that statesman predicts that, if England and America had not separated at the time of the Revolution, the seat of the great British empire would have already been transferred from the British Isles to what is now the United States and those islands would have simply been the sacred historic shrine of the great world-empire of the English-speaking people.

"The United States should secure the dominance of the British empire," continued Mr. McClure, "for the asking. The present situation of England and Germany is that of two farmers living side by side, one of whom is a first rate prizefighter, has trained his people to be prizefighters and says to his neighbor, who has been peaceably engaged in cultivating his estate: 'I want some of your property and I'm going to have it.' The possible destruction of the British empire, which this means, is the most terrible problem before us today."

ROBBERY AS TRADE.

Santa Clara Gang Proposed to Loot Many Banks.

Santa Clara, Cal., Aug. 16.—Still concerning their identity, but talking freely of the daring \$7,000 robbery in which they were the principal actors Friday, the two boys captured at Sunnyside by Sheriff Langford were brought here for arraignment on a charge of robbery.

To Sheriff Langford, who captured them, the young men made a startling confession. Joe Willetts, who appears to be leader of the gang, said he and his companion had planned a series of bank robberies that would have created a reign of terror in financial circles. So far had their plans matured, that on Thursday, with a hired automobile awaiting their return, they entered the First National bank, in the heart of Oakland, and calmly weighed the chance of making their escape with a fortune.

"This Santa Clara robbery was only an experiment," said the youthful robber, after making this revelation. "We intended, if it was successful, to go after a bigger and richer institution next time and to clean up big money before we were through."

"We purchased a machine in Oakland and had it remain just around the corner, as we did in Friday's job. Carr and I went to the First National bank about 12 o'clock and looked the place over. We were well armed, and if there had not been so many clerks and so many people passing outside, we would have held up the cashiers and tellers and tried to escape with all the money in sight."

TWO TRAINS CRASH.

Over 40 Hurt in Wreck on Denver & Rio Grande Road.

Colorado Springs.—Ten persons are dead and others expected to die, between 40 and 50 are injured, three engines are in the ditch, two baggage cars, including the contents, are smashed, and several passenger coaches are badly damaged as the result of a head-on collision between east bound passenger No. 8 and west bound passenger No. 1 on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, near Husted, 13 miles north of this city at 10:25 Saturday morning. The wreck was due either to a misunderstanding of orders by the driver of the first engine of the north bound train, or to his having mistaken a switch engine standing on the siding at Husted for the train he was to pass at that point and which he later crashed into.

New Antidote for Poison.

Seattle, Aug. 16.—Electricity has come to the bat as an antidote for laudanum poisoning. William McGregor, a Scotch seaman, was picked up unconscious in the street last night. At the City hospital it was found that he was suffering from laudanum poisoning, but black coffee and drugs forced into his stomach failed to revive the patient. Finally the X-ray was suggested, and 2,000 volts were shot into McGregor's body. In an instant McGregor came to his senses and jumped from his bed.

Smallpox in Chile.

Santiago, Chile, Aug. 16.—There are 348 smallpox patients in the lazaretto. The authorities have dictated severe measures to avoid carrying infected persons in public coaches, and have also prohibited the exposure of smallpox corpses in churches for funeral services and their accompaniment to the crematories. The land inspection board has discovered an illegal disposition of lands to a Japanese colony and has forbidden the sale.

Earthquake in Japan.

Tokio, Aug. 16.—A disastrous earthquake shook the Japanese provinces of Nagas Saturday and it is feared the list of casualties will be heavy. In the province of Omi, 400 houses were razed. No particulars regarding the number killed are available, as all communication has been cut off.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

I followed his directions to the porch enclosed with glass, and found Miss Graham sitting there with an elderly woman who proved to be her aunt, Miss Corey.

She presented me, and the elderly lady, after making a few comments on the awful night, withdrew. Still standing, I put my hand into my inner pocket and drew forth the box with the lock.

"When I went back to the ship this afternoon I found you had dropped the lock from your chain. Permit me to return it."

"Oh!" she said. "How good of you to bring it! I discovered it was gone and was afraid I might not be able to find it after the storm. Thank you so much, Mr. Selden."

I felt singularly cocky and haughty, and seemed to detect a certain reserve also in her manner. The air of the Penguin Club was not conducive to informality.

I had intended to call her attention to the fact that the lock was open when I came upon it, but could not bring myself to do so in the face of the chill that seemed to have settled down upon us.

"Won't you sit down and talk to me?" she said, but I shook my head.

"I must be getting back. The storm is getting worse every minute. The wood road will soon be a swollen river."

There came a growl of thunder and a flash of vivid lightning. Miss Graham scarcely moved a muscle. "I love storms," she said, "but I don't blame you for wanting to get home as soon as you can. You must be soaked even in those clothes."

I looked at my rough attire, and then at the dainty white evening gown she wore, and laughed a little sharply at the contrast.

"It's lucky I don't often come to the club," I said. "They would probably warn me from the premises as a scarecrow of ill omen."

Rodney Hill came on to the porch, in evening dress, as though to emphasize my own incongruities.

"Will you dance, Barbara?" he said. "They're playing one of your favorite waltzes." Then he discovered me. "Hello, old chap!" said he. "How the deuce came you here? You don't mean to tell me you rode through the thick of this storm?"

Petty resentment got the better of me; I barely noticed him, and bowed to the girl.

"Don't let me keep you, Miss Graham. My mission is over. Good night."

She held out her hand; I barely touched it. I was at the door when Rodney spoke. "I say, old man, have you seen the evening papers? Terrible times in France, more trouble on the market; let me get you the news." He was so full of the stock exchange himself that he thought we must all be interested.

"No, I thank you," I answered, bluntly, and went out, scoring myself for my rudeness to this chap whose only fault lay in the fact that Miss Graham cared so much about him. I was to be still more scornful of this rudeness to him in the days to come.

I stood in the shadow while they passed me, then I stole back to the glass-covered porch and looked in for a moment at the dancing. I watched Islip lead Miss Graham on to the floor and float away with her, and I caught sight of the lock hanging on its chain about her throat. She looked very fair in her white gown, with her neck bare, and Islip looked very happy as he danced with her.

I looked again at my own rough, uncouth arm. This was no place for me. Suddenly I hated the Penguin Club and all it contained, all its civilization, all its clothes and dances. I would be off to my little hut in the dunes, with no one but Charles by, and he my very humble servant.

Nero was ready, and I swung myself up and plunged off again into the night. Flashes of lightning showed me the depth of the water in the woods. I ploughed my way homeward, caring nothing what happened, riding as though a legion of devils pursued.

I paid no attention to Charles' fire and the hot glow that he had ready. I flung off my sodden clothes and went to bed, finding my one satisfaction in the crashing guns of the thunder that seemed to bombard Alastair from the sky. It was certainly the night for any mysterious deed, I remember thinking as I fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

I must have been asleep for some time when a sudden sky-cracking crash of thunder brought me wide awake. An instinctive movement made me jump out of bed and go to the front window which looks out upon the sea. The blackness of the pit, and only the roar of the waves against the cliff! Then while I peered into the night came a flash of lightning, revealing the beach and the waves and the open sea with startling clearness. The scene was over in the time it takes to tell it, but I had seen something—a long ship's boat, ear-blades flashing, half way between the light of the Shifting Shoal and Alastair. There followed blackness, and another crash of the sky's guns.

I waited, my eyes trained on the spot, and again came the flash, and now, out near the Shoal, I saw a long, black schooner, bare of canvas, pitching like mad in the mael of an angry sea. She was not on the Shoal—she might be some distance off it—but she was tasting a very nasty squall. Darkness, another peal, more lightning, and now I saw that the long boat, shooting furiously landward, was heading towards me, was making straight for the beach as fast as the waves and the oarsmen could drive her. Another lifting of night, and I saw a tall man—he seemed strangely, uncannily tall

—half standing, half stooping in the stern sheets, the ends of a cape flying past him in the gale.

When I could see again the long boat was making ready for the dash into the roaring surf. The oarsmen—there were some twelve—were laboring to keep the bow straight on. The tall man was standing up to see where he should go, and I caught sight of his white and storm-distorted face. I could not move, I could not utter a cry; I stood transfixed, scarce breathing, my body taut, waiting to see what would happen next.

Seconds passed in the darkness, then a flash, and I saw that the boat had weathered the worst of the surf, and was grinding on the shore. Four of the men had leaped out and were hauling hard at the sides; the steersman, gaunt and black, still clutched the tiller, half crouching, and was shouting. Succeeding darkness gave me a chance to wonder what manner of men were these making for Alastair, deserting their ship on the coast, and landing where there was no harbor, and only a shingle beach. Light again, and I stood dumfounded, transfixed, for I saw a little procession marching up the beach to the pines east of me: first the tall man in the long, black, flapping cloak; then two men bearing a good-sized box between them, and then two others, carrying what looked to me like shovels. Darkness, a terrible roar of thunder, and I plucked myself to make sure that I was awake.

I struck a match and held it behind my hand in order that no signal should be given. My watch told me the hour was half past one. I found that I was shivering from the cold, and slipped into my coat. At every flash of light I was back at the window, raking the beach with my eyes. I saw nothing but the grounded boat, with a number of men standing by, and far off the tossing hulk of the schooner.

I did not even dare step into the hall to call Charles, so afraid was I of losing something of this remarkable sight. Minutes passed. I kept my watch in my hand. Flash succeeded flash at greater intervals, but the scene was still the same: the boat evidently waiting, the farther reaches of the beach empty.

Half an hour had gone when my patience was rewarded. The same procession appeared from the pines, minus only—so far as I could see—the box that two of them had carried. There was a long interval of blackness, and then I saw the long boat plunging again through the breakers, and the crew struggling to keep her righted with their oars. I could see the boat was sharp at either end, and the men no novice at the dangerous work of beaching. They were gone, going back to their schooner, and I felt that the spirit of mystery was lifting from Alastair.

Still I waited, and in time the scene lighted, and I saw that the boat had left something: the tall, cloaked man still stood upon the beach, gazing seaward as though to catch the last of his mates. I remember that even in that brief instant I felt there was something strange about him, something fantastic, something out of keeping with the New England shore.

Darkness shut in, the roar of thunder lessened, the lightning passed; the outer world only sent me the deep, distant booming of the sea upon the cliff. I stumbled back to bed and pulled the clothes about me, full of wonder at what my eyes had seen.

I lay there for a long time, thinking, conjecturing what all this strange matter meant. Somehow, my quiet beach had been transformed; the space between the cliffs now shadowed forth a mystery, and yet, preposterous as the idea seemed, I felt in some way that I had always expected a remarkable something to happen, my dreams in some way to come true, for Alastair was no common place and was fit for some surprising history.

In time I dropped asleep, to dream of queer things.

CHAPTER VIII.

When I awoke in the morning I was more than half of the mind that I had dreamed of the lightning's singular pictures, or at least that, being suddenly startled from sound sleep and dazzled by successive flashes and stunned by the roar of thunder, my imagination had played some trick on me. Anything else seemed too remarkable to be believed. Yet I could not quite convince myself that I had not seen the tormented schooner, the landing on the beach of the long boat, the march into the pines, and the final picture of that tall, gaunt figure gazing seaward. I could not believe that my imagination or my dreams could be so vivid as my remembrance of those scenes.

I remembered Charles' closely at breakfast as to how he had passed the night. It seemed that he had slept stolidly through all the uproar. Even had he not, he would probably have seen nothing, for his room was at the back of the house.

The storm continued, though with lessened violence. After breakfast I ventured out, dressed for a wetting, and went first to the place where, as I remembered, the long boat had been beached. The waves had done away with all traces of the keel. Then I followed as nearly as I could the path which the strangers had taken to the pines; but the wind and rain had obliterated the footprints, if there had ever been any there. I poked into the pines, only to be drenched by waterfalls for my pains. The mystery was as deep as ever when I finally desisted and went back to shelter.

After some thought, I determined to keep my secret to myself. Charles would respectfully listen to my statement, but without further evidence he would be

only too apt, taking the facts in conjunction with my mysterious ride to the club in the evening, to believe I had dreamed it all. What would a schooner's crew be doing on our lonely beach to the height of a midnight storm? A sensible man would naturally be inclined to doubt.

I settled down to work, and, shutting my mind both to the mystery and to Miss Graham, succeeded in getting a good deal done by night. The next day I passed in similar fashion, living in quiet comfort so long as the storm lasted.

The third day broke fair, and early in the morning I swept the sea and the beach with my binoculars. Never was sea and land more peaceful; the tempest appeared to have cleared the atmosphere and brought it to a new serenity. My work accomplished, I set out for the little river to the west of the cliff, to see how my catboat had weathered the gale. I found there was some balling to be done, and then, called by a gentle breeze, I ran up sail and for an hour beat up the channel. The hot sun of noon sent me home, and I sat down to my mid-day dinner.

Charles had brought me papers and a note from the club. I ran through the papers first, to prove to myself how little I cared for the note, but at last I broke its seal.

"I am going to hold you to your invitation for supper in the Ship now that the storm is over. May we have it to-day about 6?"

That was all, without even a signature.

I was in two minds as to what to do. I could not disappoint her without seeming more than churlish, without writing myself down once and for all as a gentleman, and yet the sight of her aroused much of my sleeping resentment. If I went, I would at least show her that two could play at her game.

I visited the larder and decided on a menu. Then I startled Charles half out of his senses, thought to his credit he said he never showed it. "You will pack these things"—I pointed out certain provisions—"in the wheelbarrow, and take them on to the Ship on the beach. You will also take the folding-table from my study, and two folding-chairs, and set the table on the deck. I am going to take supper there with a lady at 6. You can leave the tea in a bottle. Have the supper ready at a quarter before the hour, and then leave. We will not require any service."

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles, solemnly. "I frowned as though the whole preceding bored me, and returned to my work."

As half past 5 I dressed carefully and left the house. As I walked up the beach I could not help but contrast this sunny scene with the night of the storm. Whatever that night had brought to Alastair, it was clear I was not to know much about it.

I waited on the shore until Miss Graham appeared, and crossed the path with her to the Ship. I pulled the short rope-ladder over the side and helped her on board. We beheld a supper table immaculately set, and places for two.

Miss Graham was delighted, and I could not help relenting a little when I saw how very pleased she was. Moreover, I was the host, and she my guest, and I could not cast a shadow over my own feast. I tried, therefore, as best I could, to forget Islip and the lock, and to think only of what a beautiful late afternoon it was, of how fresh the smell of the sea came to the old Ship's deck, and of the beauty of the girl who sat across from me. I think she detected that at first I was making an effort, and so tried to help me, for she was very lively and talkative, making much sport of the supper, all the courses of which were spread before us at once, and of our having to wait upon ourselves.

When we had finished supper, I asked Miss Graham's permission to light a cigarette, and pushed my chair a little back from the table. There was a new moon in the sky, and I pointed it out to her. "This is the finest hour of the day," I said. "If only the Ship would up anchor and take us for a sail!"

"If your pirate doesn't come now, just after supper, with a crescent moon hanging right side up, I don't believe he ever will," put in the girl pensively.

Her playful words, combined with the ingenious voice and the far-away, child-like dreaming of her eyes, aroused something of my old resentment. Almost before I knew what I was doing I had fallen a victim to an impulsive temptation, and was leaning on the table with my eyes fixed on her.

(To be continued.)

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

Playing Safe.

The undertaker was a witness to court. After it was all over he said to the lawyer: "Allow me to thank you for your kindly consideration. You handled me gently during the cross-examination."

Homelike.

The Jolly Bachelor—You must feel a little homesick since you moved into this neighborhood.

The Merry Widow—Not a bit. All my new neighbors snub me just as they did where I used to live.—Cleveland Leader.

A Narrow Escape.

Tom—How did you come out at the church fair last night?

Jack—I came out with a nickel—just enough to pay my car fare home.